The Doctor Militant,
OR
Church-Triumphant.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound : *By* N. F. G. *Gent.*

BOld *Whiggs* and *Phanaticks*, now ſtrive to pull down,
The True Church of *England*, both Mitre and Crown ;
To introduce Anarchy into the Nation,
As they did in *OLIVER*'s late Uſurpation:
In Queen *ANN*'s happy Reign,
They attempt it again,
Who burn the Text, and the Preacher arraign:
Sacheverell, *Sacheverell*, thou art a brave Man,
To ſtand for the Church, and Our Gracious Q. *ANN.*

In *James*'s Reign, when the Church had a fall,
The Peers, and the Prelates, K. *William* did call ;
That he might recover what then did decline,
And ſettle the Crown in the Proteſtant Line:
For that pious End,
He did recommend,
The late Toleration, that *Whiggs* did befriend:
Sachev'rell, *Sachev'rell*, whoſe Zeal did abide,
By Commons, and Lords, at the Bar to be try'd.

Theſe Seeming Conformiſts crept in the Church-Sleeve,
The credulous Mother, the Knaves did believe :
But like to the Snake in the Fable they prove,
That ſtung the good Man for his Bounty and Love;
Their Power employ,
Her Rites to annoy,
And thro' her Indulgence, Her ſelf to deſtroy:
Sachev'rell, *Sachev'rell*, it's only to You
The Church is oblig'd, and our Thanks become due.

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Their Practice; and Principles ſtand on Record,
E're Since they beheaded their Soveraign Lord:
The Spawn of the Rebels in that bloody Fray,
Celebrate that Regicide this very Day:
Who yearly do Feaſt,
On the Head of a Beaſt,
Upon th' Anniverſary of the Deceas'd:
Sachev'rell, *Sachev'rell*, brave *Chev'rell* alone,
Dare tell ſuch a Barbarous People their own.

When the Crown, and the Scepter, fell in the Mobbs hands,
They could not Submit to each others Commands:
The Robbers fell out in Dividing the Spoil,
In Blood, War and Taxes poor *England* Embroil;
Like Babys, and Fools,
They Play with Edg'd Tools,
When all are Superiours; then, no Body Rules:
Sachev'rell, *Sachev'rell*, you've Shew'd 'em the Way;
To Honour the *Queen* and the Church to Obey.

While Knaves thus contended to Set on the Throne,
The owner had Hopes to recover his own,
And ſo it fell out, in the midſt of their Jars,
The King's Reſtoration, did Finiſh the Wars:
In whoſe Golden Days;
The Church held the Keys,
And kept in Subjection, ſuch Rebels as theſe;
For then were *Sachev'rells*, whom God did inſpire,
To reſcue the Church, from *Phanatical* Fire.

F I N I S.